ANDROID™ NETRUNNER™
THE CARD GAME

Martial Law

"You have been sold a lie of prosperity, growth, and wealth, a phantasm of a happy world that is more fragile than you could believe. All it will take is a single spark, and it will all go up in flames."
– *Omar Keung, the Flashpoint*

For 23 seconds, the worlds' largest bank and backer of the worlds' most important currency goes dark. Trillions of credits are lost, stolen, or simply erased. Each corp blames the others. Economies, industries, lives collapse. And that's just the beginning.

New Concepts

The *Flashpoint Cycle* introduces two new concepts: Ice and Operations with trash costs, and the "Terminal" subtype. These rules explain how these concepts function, and should be treated as an addition to the rulebook in the *Android Netrunner: The Card Game* Core Set.

Ice and Operations with a Trash Cost

When the Runner accesses a piece of ice or operation card with a trash cost, he or she may pay that cost to trash that card as they would normally trash an asset or upgrade. Encountering an installed piece of ice does not allow you to trash it by paying that ICE's trash cost; you may only trash it if the ICE is accessed while it is not installed.

New Subtype: Terminal

During your actions phase, as a standard player action you may play a **Terminal** operation the same way you would play any other operation. Doing so, however, immediately ends the Corporation's action phase once the card has resolved. The Corp player loses any unspent ⓒ and then play proceeds to the Corporation's discard phase.

Martial Law

Young walked down the line, checking in with each member of the fireteam. The LT was leaning against the bulkhead, zonked out into his skulljack and dead to the world. Maybe he should have been doing what Young was, walking down the bay talking to the men and women under his command. But that's why God made sergeants. On a combat drop, a green LT would just get everyone skittish, anyway.

Young stopped over Private First Class Cortland and braced himself against the bay's low ceiling. Cortland was like the LT, a spotter on this deployment, hard-suited and wired to receive feeds from a variety of drones. Unlike the LT, he wasn't jacked in at the moment. He checked each of his virt projectors in turn, flickering up feeds from drones down below.

"All set, Cortland?"

"Sure thing, Sergeant." Cortland looked up, face pale in the dim lights of the bay. "I just can't…we're deploying into New Angeles, sir. That's our own damn country, sort of."

"Damn right," said Young. "It's our country and we're taking it back. Oorah!"

"Oorah!" said Cortland.

Young checked in with each other member of the fireteam, trading similar words of encouragement. Lieutenant Corporal Kent was eager to hit the airport and watch the corp mercs drop their guns and run. "Shock and awe," Young agreed.

Lieutenant Corporal Cortez was unreadable. Cortez observed that their enemies were nominally their own countrymen. "I guess that makes them traitors, then," said Young.

Corporal Weiss was cracking jokes like she wasn't scared, which was a sure sign she was. Young made himself laugh, even though he'd heard the jokes dozens of times before on dozens of prior deployments.

Then he was at the end of the bay. He climbed into his own suit and glared at the two people in the squad he was most worried about. One of them was the EWS embed, a Sergeant named Braid who spent more time jacked in than he did in his own body. The other wasn't even a person.

"Hey, Feelgood," called Young as he began securing straps. "We might be shooting at Haas-Bioroid people down there."

The bioroid stood and glided to a serene stop directly in front of Young. It was smiling; it was always smiling. "Yes, Sergeant, I am aware."

"And you're okay with that?" He leaned his head back, feeling the jack settle into his BMI. He moved an arm, feeling the suit's arm move around it. Link green.

"I'm a medic and, more importantly, a bioroid, sir," said the bioroid. Its name wasn't actually Feelgood. It was some alphanumeric Young had never memorized, and its service nickname was Paul, of all things. "The First Directive requires me to preserve human life. I'm never 'okay' with violence and death."

"What are you doing in the USMC, then, huh?" Young sent a mental command to his exosuit and it began sealing up, its breastplate sliding into place while skinsuit ports mated to on-board reservoirs. "Your First Directive shouldn't even let you stand by while marines shoot bad guys."

"It's not my role to pass judgement on the use of force," said the bioroid. "That is a decision deliberately left to organic intelligences, to human beings, in the wisdom of the United States Department of Defense and, I believe, every other armed force on the planet." Feelgood leaned in, checking the seal on Young's suit, then stepped back. "I would be of no use to the military if I felt compelled to substitute my judgement for yours in combat."

"So you just think the thoughts HB programmed in to you, huh?"

"As you say, sir. The United States Marine Corps bought me from Haas-Bioroid for the purpose of serving as a combat medic. I was 'programmed' to be suited to that role."

"Yeah?" said Young. "Wonder what else they programmed you for. How do I know you're not going to change teams when we get down there, start pulling for HB?"

"How do I know that you won't?"

And then the one minute warning blared and Young was doing a systems check on his suit and there was no time to respond. When he was launched out of the bay to hurtle down towards the city below, when he should have been focusing on the mission, all he could think about was that smug damn bioroid and its cryptic nonanswer.

Credits

Original Game Design: Richard Garfield

Android: Netrunner Game Development: Lukas Litzsinger

Expansion Design and Development: Damon Stone with Erik Dahlman and Lukas Litzsinger

Android Universe created by: Kevin Wilson with Daniel Lovat Clark

Android Story Team: Daniel Lovat Clark, Michael Hurley, Lukas Litzsinger, Katrina Ostrander, and Zoë Robinson

Insert Fiction: Daniel Lovat Clark

Editing: Jacob Morris and Nick Sephton with Katrina Ostrander

Android: Netrunner Graphic Design: Michael Silsby with Chris Beck, Shaun Boyke, Dallas Mehlhoff, Andrew Navaro, and Evan Simonet

Expansion Graphic Design: Mercedes Opheim with Monica Helland, Chris Hosch, and Duane Nichols

Graphic Design Manager: Brian Schomburg

Cover Art: VIKO

Art Direction: Zoë Robinson

Managing Art Director: Andy Christensen

Producer: Erik Dahlman

Production Management: Megan Duehn and Simone Elliott

LCG Manager: Chris Gerber

Executive Game Designer: Corey Konieczka

Executive Producer: Michael Hurley

Publisher: Christian T. Petersen

Netrunner is a TM of R. Talsorian Games, Inc. *Android* is TM & © 2016 Fantasy Flight Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. *Netrunner* is licensed by Wizards of the Coast LLC. © 2016 Wizards. No part of this product may be reproduced without specific permission. Wizards of the Coast and its logo are property of Wizards of the Coast LLC in the U.S.A. and other countries. Fantasy Flight Games, the FFG logo, Living Card Game, LCG, and the LCG logo are ® of Fantasy Flight Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved to their respective owners. Fantasy Flight Games is located at 1995 West County Road B2, Roseville, MN 55113, U.S.A., 651-639-1905. Made in China. THIS PRODUCT IS NOT A TOY. NOT INTENDED FOR USE OF PERSONS 13 YEARS OF AGE OR YOUNGER.

PROOF OF PURCHASE
ADN40
Martial Law